THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE GREAT CITY.

"What makes a city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong
And give their lives to make it right,
And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women, rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble, still are great
Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong cannot remove,
And truth, that faces civic fraud
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
A light upon a nation's hill,
A voice that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
But Justice, Love, and Brotherhood."

THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

In a recent sermon on the Destiny of America the Rev. Dr. Dyott of the First Congregational Church of Portland said: "America's destiny will be found in doing the will of God, not merely for America and Americans, but for the world."

The directors of the Hotel Virginia at Long Beach have very wisely decided to pay the fine imposed for the violation of the provision against the sale of liquor. Then, they will make an effort to get the city charter so changed that the serving of liquor at meals will be permitted as it is at some of the other prohibition towns in Southern California.

So far as we have observed the liquor interests have lost in all their attempts to defeat the will of the people against the saloon as expressed in the recent elections in Oregon. "Prohibition doesn't prohibit," they say; but no sooner is it voted than they proceed "tooth and nail" to try to overthrow it—never willing that the majority shall rule. Exceedingly manly! isn't it?

"If we are to remain a republic all the people must make the law, and all the people must obey the law," said the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day, in a sermon on "Our Declaration of Independence." "If Long Beach ordains complete prohibition no one has a right to sell liquor, whether it is a beautiful hotel that looks like a million dollars or a drug store that looks like thirty cents."

California coopers having boycotted Oregon goods produced in sections that voted out the saloons, the Oregonian asks: "Where's the logic of this proceeding? Have we not been told that prohibition increases the consumption of liquors, and isn't that what the coopers want?" "But, any way, perhaps its just as well that the boycott has been established," continues the Oregonian. "We've long been seeking some means of preventing California from buying our first-class fruits and packing them under a California label. Now, of course, they won't do it any more."

The Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks has presented his resignation as pastor of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, and has accepted the call from the First Church of Walla Walla, Washington. Dr. Brooks will enter on the work at Walla Walla the first of November. Improvements which will cost about $10,000 are to be made on the church building at Walla Walla, although the building was erected not many years ago at a cost of $15,000. These improvements will give the auditorium a seating capacity of 850, which is about double what it now is. The building will be elevated five feet, and this will make possible great changes and improvements in the Sunday-school and social rooms in the basement. With these changes to meet the needs of the growing city and church Dr. Brooks will in November enter a field of large influence. We shall regret very much to lose him in California; but we congratulate the church at Walla Walla, Whitman College, and Washington in general.

The Scientific American gives an account of the different attempts to introduce the common lobster of the North Atlantic coast on the Pacific coast. The first attempt was made in 1873; the last in 1906. All were failures. Another attempt will be made soon. This time the lobsters will be taken to Puget Sound, where the water is cooler than it is along the California coast. The lobsters to the number of 1,200 will be shipped from Maine in a refrigerator. They will be kept at a temperature of 35 or 40 degrees. It is said that persons have reported that they have seen these Eastern lobsters in shallow water along the California coast, but that it was not certain that the observers were well enough informed to recognize a lobster when they saw one, or to distinguish it from the crayfish called the California spiny or rock lobster, which is not related to the lobster found on the Atlantic coast.

The Rev. H. F. Burgess of Sunnyside, Washington, is supplying the church at Port Angeles, Washington, during July. Mr. Burgess has found a fine place for one in Central Washington to go to during the warm weather in that part of the state. Port Angeles is on the straits of Juan de Fuca, just opposite Victoria, British Columbia; is at the foot of the Olympic mountains, and has a fine summer climate. It has one of the best harbors on the coast, and has promise of transcontinental railroad connections in the near future. When the railroad comes its population of 2,500 will increase so rapidly that another cipher may be added to the figures by the time another decade shall have rolled around. The finest and most extensive timber tracts in the state of Washington lie in the tributary territory, and rich farm lands stretch out near and far. The Congregational church at Port Angeles has an excellent location close to the business part of the town, and is the most influential church in the place. Both the church lot and the parsonage lot are so situated as to become very valuable when the place shall have attained to a population o f twenty or twenty-five thousand. The air at Port Angeles will remind Mr. Burgess of San Francisco. The climate is not unlike that of San Francisco, our summer fogs excepted.

An article entitled "In Praise of the Camp Fire," by Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, appeared recently in the New York Christian Advocate. We quote a paragraph: "The writer has stretched his weary feet to the grateful warmth of the Adirondack camp-fire, reclining upon a luxurious bed of spruce boughs, and watched the serpentine dance of the sparks and listened to the stories of the guide; has taken delight in the great flames leaping skyward from brush fires high up on the slopes of the Green Mountains of Vermont; has found rest beside the beacon camp-fires on Lake Champlain, where the lapping waves play sweet accompaniment for song and story; has sat entranced before the roaring consuming splendors of the gigantic campfires of the Sierran forests, throwing their shafts of light far up the towering heights

of the majestic pines and cedars, and he offers his unsolicited testimony that, both as a thing of beauty and as a social function, the camp-fire excels all banquets, theaters, parties and entertainments whatsoever, and is worthy of far greater fame and favor than it has yet received. If anyone has lost his faith in nature and in human nature let him frequent the camp-fire. There he will find both at their best. Air the purest and sweetest encompasses the campfire, stars the serenest look down upon it, cheer the brightest and most contagious springs from it. As for human nature, it is little less than a revelation one has of it here. Its sweeter savors and kindlier qualities flow out like perfumes on the evening air. There is room for every one here in the spacious out-of-doors, a place at the fireside, a chance for recognition. If anyone feels that he is nobody let him visit the camp-fire and learn otherwise, and if anyone imagines that he is 'it,' and all the rest of the world has but to bask in his light, let him go to the camp-fire for humbling and self-discovery. Long live the campfire, golden link between primitive and super-civilized man, symbol of the poetry of out-of-door life, soother of spent and wounded hearts, consumer of social castes, center of mirth and song and reverie! May your embers glow through the long night till the stars pale before the reddening dawn!" Professor Buckham is at present on the shores of Lake Tahoe, and we presume has the beloved camp-fire about which he has written so charmingly.

In the baccalaureate sermon at Pomona College this year President Gates, speaking on "The Forward Look," asked, "What of the better church, of the higher religious life?" and said in that connection: "The spirit of Christianity may develop some new and better form of organization, so different from anything now extant, that if we should suddenly come upon it, we would not recognize it as a church, but would need to seek some other name. The future will be shaped largely by those who believe in the future and whose look is that way. 'But it is dangerous to put out to sea.' True; but better danger than nothing. The greatest danger we know is that of human life; but danger and all it is better than that there should be no human life. If mere safety were the highest ideal, then we would better all be dead—or indeed better never have lived. The uncertainties of life are a part of its glories—for therein amidst these uncertainties, we have the necessity of will, the possibility of faith. 'Be ye enlarged' does not mean enlarged up to a certain measure, e. g., converted and then stop there. 'Be ye enlarged' is a perpetual injunction; converted means turned, and is for those who are in any degree going in the wrong direction. But to turn around is not to stop; it is to go—but to go the other way! The attainment of yesterday becomes our disgrace if we stay there. Today's praise —worthiness, if cherished as a finality, is tomorrow's disgrace." President Gates believes also that that there is coming a better day in industry. He finds, however, that it is slow in its coming, remarking: "Only the great industrial world, magnificent in its achievements for the most part refuses to obey and even denies the possibility of obedience; hence the world of industry is full of strife and bitterness and **ought to be** until it, too, is converted into recognition of the elementary law of all human life, which is not parasitism, selfishness, greed—but generosity, helpfulness, kindness—in one word—**ministry.**" The thought of President Gates as to the city that now is and that which is to be was in brief this: "What ails the present city? ture of crime and criminals? It is this: they are parasites. The chief characteristics of the cause and motive of saloons, gambling places and unnameable vices is money-making. Likewise is it true 'higher up'—in the realm of politics. It is the world-old sin of selfishness. In whatever form it shows itself it is a denial of the gospel, that is, of the fundamental law of ethical life. But the city is growing. It doth not yet appear what it shall be. Institution-wise man is yet living in a hovel. The glorious and yet more glorious homes, palaces and churches are all in the beyond."

At the recent session of the Oregon conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, Bishop Bell spoke on "Social and Economic Unrest and the Remedy Therefor." He sounded there a needed warning when he said: "I do not countenance the passion and hate that are often injected into these social movements, but men and women, we must put our ear to the ground and hear the message. Ministers, you must take part in this movement for readjustment and you must be friendly to these demands. I say that the demand for better social conditions will not down. We are to look the situation squarely in the face. In America there will be a revolution within fifteen years unless there be a change for the better. Within that time we shall come to a great crisis. We see it demonstrated in the disintegration of political lines and the breaking up of political parties. The great editors of our journals may become cross over the fact that men will no longer vote together as so many sheep. The bosses may grumble over the independence of the hour. The editor or politician must respect the trend of affairs or be unhorsed and covered under a moss-grown tomb." However, the Bishop added: "I do not expect revolution, but it may come. Evolution sometimes brings results, but the people will not wait long for results through the slow processes of evolution and themselves set things in motion. Readjustment may come through knocks and jars. Sometimes we have the electric storm that upheaves and kills, but it brings readjustment in the atmosphere, and so our readjustment may come this way." And so reading hopefully the signs of the times, Bishop Bell continued: "This is an age of organization. Everything is done through organization. We are seeking the unification of the Protestant forces so that they shall stand for the kingdom of Christ with solid ranks, and in December next, in Philadelphia, a great gathering will make another effort for unification of the Protestant ranks, and I trust will be successful. The charge is made that the general government of this country is become too powerful and is being centralized—this government, which protects your life and my life and our property and the property of the church. But I believe that it cannot become too strong for these purposes. So we must face new problems. We must get away from precedent and from history as we face these new problems. It means self-submersion. But there are tremendous remedial movements sweeping over the country. A mighty tidal wave swept the curse of slavery from the nation. A mighty tidal wave is sweeping the liquor business from this country, and even now is rattling the bottles of the brewer. The thunderings of these tidal waves are heard. Another tidal wave is thundering at the walls of corporate greed and predatory wealth. These conscienceless trusts have swept down on our liberties, and America is demanding that they stay their hand. Americans are demanding that the corporations shall no longer be above the law, but shall respect the law the same as the humblest individual in the land. They must yield—they must call a halt right now. The moral standard of political life in this nation is growing higher and requiring of all parties a constructive moral policy. It is here to stay. No

man may be elected to the presidency without he recognizes and reflects the Christian religion—unless he represents the Christian religion."

SOME PACIFIC COAST STATISTICS AND COMPARISONS.

The First Congregational Church of Los Angeles received more members during the year 1907 than any other Congregational church in the United States, the number being 233. The Tompkins Avenue Church of Brooklyn, New York, received 204; Central, 181; Lewis Avenue, 152; Broadway Tabernacle, New York, received 146. The church which received the largest number on confession was the Tompkins Avenue of Brooklyn, the number being 123. Central stood next with 100. The First Church of Los Angeles received 75 on confession. The statistics in the year book recently issued show that Union Church, Boston, received 369 members. But this was through union with another church. The First Congregational Church of Los Angeles now has a membership of 1,792, 170 being absentees. Only three Congregational churches in the United States exceed it in membership. Tompkins Avenue of Brooklyn, with 2,864; Central, with 2,347; Plymouth, with 2,174. Plymouth reports 180 absentees. The two other Brooklyn churches here named do not report any. For many years the First Congregational Church of Oakland was the largest Congregational church on the Pacific coast. Its membership the first of the year was 1,683, with 135 absentees. This church received 145 members during 1907, 61 of the number on confession. Plymouth Church, Seattle, received 133, 64 on confession, making its enrollment 1,007. Next in point of membership of our coast churches comes the First of Portland with 757. The First of San Francisco has 634; Westminster of Spokane 620; the First of Santa Cruz 620. The last named church reports an unusually large number of absentees for a church of this size—150.

In California there are only four other Congregational churches having a membership exceeding 500. They are the First of Berkeley, 562; Pilgrim at Pomona, 539; Redlands, 529; Riverside, 530.

In Washington and Oregon there are no churches except those already named, which have a membership exceeding 500. The First of Tacoma had an enrollment of 497 the first of the year, with 72 absentees.

A study of the statistics shows only 14 churches in California, in addition to those already named, having a membership exceeding 250; in Washington only 7; in Oregon only 1. In California there are 26 having a membership between 150 and 249; in Washington, 6; in Oregon, 7. The number in California with a membership between 100 and 149 is 26; in Washington 7; in Oregon 3. California has 51 standing between 50 and 99; Washington has 25; Oregon, 8. Coming still lower down we find 101 churches in California with a membership, each, of less than 49; in Washington, 90; in Oregon, 30.

In other words, nearly one-half of the 225 Congregational churches in California have a membership of less than 49 each; 90 of of the 163 in Washington; 30 of the 54 in Oregon.

These figures are suggestive in many ways. To the present writer they are not, in some respects, very gratifying. We would criticise the largeness of some and the smallness of others. Would that there were a larger number of churches with a membership between 250 and 750! It is such churches, in our opinion, that can in the best manner advance the interests of God's kingdom in the fair-sized towns and cities. In the smaller places, of course, there must needs be churches with membership much less than 250. But what an increase in numbers there would be, and what remarkable transformations of influence would come in the smaller places of religious work were not resting under the incubus of so many denominations!

Of interest and value in this connection are the figures which show our coast gains and losses during the year 1907.

California gained 661 members; Washington 520; Oregon had a loss of 377; Idaho gained 75; Nevada 11; Utah 114; Alaska 133; Hawaii 11. Arizona lost 82.

California added 10 to her number of churches; Washington 9; Hawaii 5; Utah 1. Oregon lost 2..

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The California State Federation of Women's Clubs has endorsed the effort to secure school suffrage for the women of California.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman will engage in evangelistic work in Canada to considerable extent next winter, coming as far west as Vancouver.

The Y. M. C. A. of Boston has established a "Vocation Bureau." It is to aid young men to select that work in life for which they have the most aptitude. An expert psychologist is employed, who scientifically examines each case. A set of questions is propounded to the applicant, designed to reveal his traditions, hereditary inheritance and personal characteristics. He is then advised as to the vocation for which he has aptitude, and in which the probability of his success is largest. The results in the case of sixty boys who have been thus advised have been very satisfactory.

The Rev. Walter Walsh is in himself the solution of the riddle of how a minister can mix in politics without lessening his power in the pulpit, says the Western Christian Advocate. "He has a prodigious congregation, and at the same time he serves as councilman for his city, Dundee, Scotland, as Dr. Washington Gladden has done for the city of Columbus. He preaches a simple Scriptural gospel, after the manner of old Scotia's divines. His mixing in civic affairs grew out of what he observed in his pastoral work. He was shocked at the high ratio of infant mortality. On tracing it to its cause he found it to be due to unsanitary tenements. With Jacob Riis, he believed it to be as much murder to kill a man with a house as to kill him with an ax. The improved conditions in Dundee, not in this matter alone, but in many others, are due to the rational agitation of this lover of his city. From municipal reform it was natural that Mr. Walsh should turn to national and international affairs. He has now a world-wide fame as a champion for the abolition of war. He is equally convincing with tongue and pen. His volume, 'Moral Damage of War,' is one of the most trenchant in the increasing literature of the current reform. Mr. Walsh is a welcome visitor to America, where he says he is determined during his short stay to know nothing but peace. Those who were ever privileged to hear the late Dr. William M. Taylor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, also a Scotsman, will be reminded of him when they see Mr. Walsh toss his bushy locks."

A correspondent writes from Rome: "Although the Vatican finances are reported to be low, it is authoritatively stated that more French money has come to the Vatican this past year than for several years and that the principal

financial support of the Vatican is even yet the Catholics of France. It is said also that contributions from the United States have been larger than usual, and it is added that over $200,000 has been received here from America alone since the outbreak of the trouble with France. Those who are keeping close watch of these matters assert that if these contributions keep up the Holy See will be more than indemnified financially for the serious decrease in its income from France. Expectations run high as to the amount which will be received from the United States this year in contributions to the Peter's Pence Fund. It is reported in Vatican circles that a systematic canvass is being made in American churches and that large sums have already been forwarded to the apostolic delegate at Washington, Mgr. Falconio, who is to forward the entire sum to Rome. Rumor has it that more than a million dollars will thus come to the Holy See, but this is the merest guess work. Many people wonder what the pope does with all the money he receives from the Catholics of the world, but the most casual study of the matter will show anyone that enormous sums are needed to keep the Vatican administration going. The expenses of the Vatican palace constitute far from inconsiderable items, and added to these are the salaries of the cardinals and of the many prelates attached to the administration. Pius X insists on having all expenses reduced to the minimum, but it is extremely difficult, even with the closest economy, to make the Vatican income equal the expenditures."

Miss Amy Bernardy, instructor in Italian at Smith College, who, on appointment by the Italian government at Rome has been making a special investigation of the condition of Italian women and children on the Atlantic coast, took departure recently for Italy to make report. Miss Bernardy's investigations have been conducted in the principal Italian colonies in the East—in Boston, New York, Rochester, Buffalo, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. At the same time she has collected data regarding all the important beneficent and charitable institutions which deal with the assistance of immigrants in this country. In speaking of the exodus of Italian immigrants from this country during the past nine months, Miss Bernardy said that it was her opinion, from observations gained in a thorough study of the situation, that the tide of immigration would not turn this way again for another twelve months. The Italian, at least," said she, "is just beginning to feel the real pinch. He has been living on his savings up to now, and they are beginning to give out. This is the explanation of the large outgoing steerage lists to the Mediterranean. They know that they can live somehow in Italy, and they are not sure of that here. The problem before the Italian government now is to keep them. Italy is getting them back; let her make them realize that they are well off at home. They are deceived by the relative value of money. They don't realize that along with higher wages over here go higher living expenses. They are faced at home with no problems of congestion, lighting or heating. How do they know about the hard times so far ahead? Instinct. They 'smell' the hard times. They started to go in September, if you remember. They knew what was brewing before Wall street. The news travels from mouth to mouth, just as in mediaeval times. They are the true trade barometer. The rats leave the sinking ship; it is explained by a kind of animal sagacity." When asked what conclusions she had drawn from her data as to the condition of the Italian women and children in that part of the United States, Miss Bernardy regretted being unable to say, as persons working under a government commission are forbidden to make public any of their information before submitting their official report.

The Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford is reported by the British Weekly as saying in an address at Hackney College, in London: "Earnest care should be given to subjects connected with the unseen life. This has been called a materialistic age, but it is really an age of the Spirit. Why is it that people are not looking to the churches for some clear message about the unseen? Jesus made much of the unseen world, but the Church is leaving this field of inquiry to outside investigation. While in theological colleges men are discussing Calvin's Institutes or how to reconcile Harnack and Loisy, the Psychical Society is doing a more practical work. Two great scientists, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir W. Crookes, believe that it is possible to hold communion with those who dwell in the unseen. In America, two professors in our largest universities have made the same statement. I think the churches should appoint a committee of scholars to investigate this subject and report from time to time. Myers said that 100 years from now, no reasonable man will doubt the resurrection of Jesus. If his investigations led him to such conclusions, much might be expected from similar investigations by the churches. The people are waiting for light on this subject. He is not fit to be a minister who blindly accepts what has been taught him, and never attempts to find out the truth for himself." Speaking concerning Socialism, Dr. Bradford said: "I think the Socialist program will have to be tried both in Great Britain and the States before the people will learn that there is a still more excellent way. The experience will, perhaps, bring more evils than it will cure, but it is a stage on the path of human progress. The poor are not always to be oppressed. It is barbarity that one man should be worth hundreds of millions, while a better man than he cannot bring up his children in comfort or earn a decent living. It is not true that every man could get work if he wanted it." Dr. Bradford's remarks on Socialism were cheered, and then he added: "We hear much of Christian Socialism, and many Christians are Socialists, but I do not think the program of Socialism is Christian. What Socialism cannot do brotherhood will do." The Weekly says in way of comment: "An ignorant and muddle-headed listener might have gone away to report that Dr. Amory Bradford was a Spiritualist, a Christian Scientist, and a Socialist—nothing could be further from the truth. His aim is merely to awaken the minds of young preachers to these burning topics of the hour."

The daily papers having reported that Evangelist Sunday had made caustic criticsim of ministers, Mr. Sunday has made the following statement: "No man on earth appreciates the work of the minister and champions his cause more than I. I will allow no man to lead me in his loyalty to the church. I will allow no man to lead me in his furious and uncompromising assault upon the forces that sap her power and make her an incubator to hatch the devil's brood. I said many a preacher fails because he has no natural ability; is cold-hearted—has ice water and pink tea in his veins instead of red blood; lacks proper training; studies Christianity as others study science or philosophy. Ministers lack spiritual knowledge—it is theoretical with many; all the knowledge they have of God or Christ is an intellectual conception of some of his attributes that they have learned out of books. They know Shakespeare, Browning, Emerson and the latest kinks in the New Theol-

ogy dreamed out over some beer mug and amid tobacco in some foreign seminary. Many a preacher comes intending to do good work, but he finds himself pastor of some godless, worldly church, where his leading members are leaders in nothing but card-playing, dancing, theater-going, society wine-drinking, Sunday golf-playing, novel-reading, fudge-eating, neighborhood gossiping mollycoddles—and when the preacher brings his probe to bear and attacks these sins they tie up their purse-strings and say: 'We don't want to stay; you must preach differently.' I don't blame the preacher for his style of work, but I blame him if, when these sins need rebuking and God calls me to do it, then they criticize me and my vocabulary and mannerisms, which are as God made me—I give God my unfixed-up personality. I am doing my best to make it easier for people to do right and harder to do wrong. I have been used of God to lead over 100,000 to stand for Christ. I have been used to make drunkards sober, thieves to steal no more, harlots to turn from merchandizing their womanhood for gain to leading pure, upright lives; to turn homes of squalor and want into abodes of peace and joy. No one has more friends among the noble, good, true, pure, in the church and out than I; no one has more enemies among the godless, infamous, useless, in the church and out, than I. I never said at Pittsburg or anywhere else that the ministers were 'a worldly, fudge-eating, grafting lot of mollycoddles, fit for the bughouse.' That was an infamous, willful, malicious, slanderous lie, sent out by some newspaper. I love the church that Christ bought with his own blood, with every drop of blood in my body, with every brain molecule, corpuscle, tissue, nerve, vein, artery and hair in my head, and am pouring out my life to help prepare her to meet her Bridegroom. I would like my critics to come forward and show what they have done or are doing. This is the first letter I have ever written in explanation or defense, and I should not have written this, only I want the ministers to know that I would die for them and the ministry, and that reports as to what I said were wrong. Yours on the firing line for God, home and native land."

EVOLUTION.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet,
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mould
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled and our senses thrilled,
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath and death by death,
We followed the chain of change,
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like the great cave bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When night fell over the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.
I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the mammoth came to drink—
Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin,
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With rude and hairy hand.
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall,
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
E'er human laws were drawn.
And the age of sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight, in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's;
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet.
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come amain;
Should it come today, what man may say
We shall not live again?
Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I a fish.

—Langdon Smith.

VACATION VAGARIES.

By W. H. G. Temple, D.D.

I.

Why there should be pleasure in the thought of laying down for a month or two the work that is always such a charm that its anticipation, almost as soon as vacation begins, is as inspiring as its temporary respite is a relief, I leave for more competent psychologists than I to determine. I suppose that is one of the interesting inconsistencies in life which leaves no trail of unpleasant conscientious convictions behind. At any rate, when I boarded the midnight train at Sacramento, north bound, knowing I was separating myself from a people I have learned, without any effort, to love, and from a work which has appealed to my optimistic nature in the most hopeful way from the start, there did come a sense of satisfaction in anticipation of my annual play. Perhaps that is the "boy" in one that keeps him from ever growing old. Let us have plenty of boy in us, brethren; plenty of rollicking, mischievous, somersaulty boy in us; the kind of boy that finds quickly the boy in others, and attracts the real, live, twelve-year-old boy to one side.

I do not know what happened to me the first night in the upper berth of Section 6, Car 3, steaming along toward Portland, but I fell into a whimsical mood and chased fantasies half the hours ordinarily given to dreamless sleep, just as a boy on a happy summer day chases butterflies over the fields. I do not know that these actual words in this actual shape came to me then, but this raw material out of which they have been worked up twisted and turned itself through my hazy thought:

I've left my desk and books behind,
The cares that fret, the griefs that grind;
I've left the headachy north wind,
In sunny Sacramento;
But I've also left the joys,
The duties that seemed light as toys,
The happiness that never cloys—
No matter where I went to.

I've left the book agent, the man
Who wanted help,—was of my clan,—
Annoyances—a caravan!—
Back there in Sacramento;
But, oh, the good hearts beating there,
The warm hand-grasps, the balmy air
Of friendship, odorously rare,
That man was ever lent to!

I've left the tangled mass of things
That try men's patience, and the flings
Of carping critics, and the stings
Of buzzing Sacramento;
But what about the love that makes
The pastor's lot a "snap," and takes
The heart by storm? Why, this, law sakes!
Of course, I must assent to.

I've left—good gracious! what a trick!
My brain must have been awful thick—
I've left—it really makes me sick—
My trunk in Sacramento;
But then, what matters it? I've brought
So many "grips" full of sweet thought,
And pleasant memories, I'm taught
The worth of Sacramento.

It must have been at this moment, when my hazy ideas were fast coming to an unpleasant clearness, that a wifely hand reached up and tugged at the overhanging sheet as a gentle reminder that I had been talking in my sleep.

Scenic Suggestions.

Morning! and in the mountains! The level of the city for pastoral work; but the tumbled up, volcano-torn, glacier-cracked hills for travel. The garden, with its profusion of bloom for beauty; but the crags and their crowning pines for grandeur. And ordinary electric car will do for horizontal propulsion; but it takes two powerful engines in front and another behind to climb the Sierras and the Siskiyous. What is that silver thread yonder, stretching its length down the mountain side? A runaway waterfall. And that shining mirror reflecting the shifting, fluffy, vagrant clouds in the sky? A lonely lake, jealous of the multiform beauty all around and above it, and bound to duplicate it. See that gorge yawning beneath, and that peak holding its head imperiously above the abyss. How the serpentine train of seventeen cars winds in and out, as though defying the natural difficulties of travel. How dark it suddenly becomes, and how we sit up straight and run our fingers through our watchchain and clutch our pocketbook, as though an unseen hand might suddenly despoil us of our valuables. Only a tunnel! And then bright sunlight again, and four tracks one above another, and we on the topmost!

All day long steaming northward through California and Oregon, the panorama changes, and the eye never seems to tire of it. But the thing that brings us all up standing with wonder is that giant that looms up till the white of its crest touches the blue of the sky, so cold that it looks like justice, so incarnadined by the glowing sun that the warm blood of mercy seems to have tinted it, so modest in all its grandeur that a white veil covers its rugged features—Shasta! How can I help it?—

Above the small and petty things of earth,
Like a great dome of grandeur in the sky,
Thou towerest in all thy dignity,
Shasta! thou mount of regal form and worth,
The pigmy peaks, dwarfed in their common birth.
That round thee in submission seem to lie,
Lift up their ordinary heads and cry
For quarter. Thou art never haughty. Mirth,
Magnanimous pity, and true kingly love
For all subjects—each thy splendid trail.
Thou smilest in the sun, and far above
The warring elements thou sit'st in state.
The ice-crown on thy brow thy justice shows,
While mercy trickles in thy melting snows.

More Than All, Folks.

Entrancing as is the varied scenery of this trip, the most attractive portion of it cannot compare with the thrill one gets at the sight of a familiar face. A mountain is nothing when contrasted with a man. The crags assume a statelier grandeur when a friend can enjoy them with you. A flower seems more fragrant when two can inhale its odor. It seems to me I travel nowhere on the continent without that division of joy which makes each part the greater.

Breakfast hardly over, I noticed standing almost at my side, talking with the conductor, the erect, yet gracious Dr. McLean, and behind him Mr. Anson S. Burwell, an old Seattle friend. The doctor was looking up a fishing stream, and got off at Castle Crag. I can imagine him standing hip-

deep in a mountain torrent, casting his fly never so dextrously, and waiting patiently for a bite. May his basket be many times filled with speckled beauties. My Seattle friend was on his way home after a business and pleasure trip to the Yosemite. It was delightfuld to sit for hours and talk about mutual acquaintances and the wonderful progress of that teeming city of the Northwest that will not allow any other city on the coast a permanent place above it. It is that same "dare-to-conquer" spirit that many other cities East and West need to bring them into prominence.

At Portland, just before the train started, I looked out of the car window and noticed a young mother with two children, apparently waiting for a friend. Soon another mother with two sturdy boys joined her, and they all piled into the parlor car and had seats very near ours. It presaged trouble. I confess my brow clouded at the sight. I had the program all made out: Fussing and fidgeting, cries, whines, tears, copious tears, all the rest of the journey, and no rest for any of the rest of us. How unjust that snap judgment. Never were there better behaved children under any circumstances. The one that particularly took my eye was Dorothy Dohm, aged three years, and from looks and dress evidently the original from which the comic artist manufactured Dotty Dimple. Thereafter no paper or magazine could hold my attention. No group of wild lilac bushes, no vine-covered rock, no dimpled lake, could secure but a passing glance. Dorothy Dimple was the "whole show." Now springing up and down on the sofa, regardless of the springs undearneath; again, singing exultingly snatches of melody invented by the angels, I guess; anon lying in most artistic pose, oblivious to all disturbing sounds in perfect unconsciousness, Dotty was as near the heavenly brand as children ever get. Consequently:

A chubby face and a velvet hand,
A rosebud mouth and a twinkling eye;
A smile all tangled with sunbeams, and
A laugh of rippling melody—
Why, that was Dotty Dimple.

When she lay asleep her "Dutch cut" hair
Was bunched in a "wob" around her brow;—
'Twas as though an artist had placed her there,
And challenged her rival, too, I trow,—
So sweet was Dotty Dimple.

And when she trilled the thrush looked on,
Ashamed of her own imperfect note,
And the rose blushed deeply, for there upon
Her lips was a color it could not quote,—
So fair was Dotty Dimple.

For Heaven had bended down to Earth,
And made a compact hard and fast,
That an angel should enter at her birth
And break and throw away the cast,—
So there's but one Dotty Dimple!

And now the porter calls, "Seattle.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell and wife of Portland, Oregon, are expected in Berkeley Saturday morning. Mr. Knodell will supply the First Church of San Francisco for two Sundays, returning to his work as Anti-Saloon League superintendent in Oregon about the 27th of the month. Mrs. Knodell will remain longer. They will be the guests of the editor of The Pacific while here.

THEN AND NOW IN FAR CATHAY.

J. E. Walker, D.D.

After long, toilsome years in school, college and seminary to go away and become an infant in a "far country;" to leave a land where all is stir and growth for one where all is stagnation; to exchange respect and good will for contempt and aversion, work among the intelligent, the educated, the respected for toil for the poor, the ignorant, the debased; this to the Greeks is foolishness.

The Chinese styled themselves the Hua-min, the Glory People, and China the Chung Kuo or Central Realm. They said, "We are civilized; we have chairs, tables, bedsteads. Other peoples sit, eat, sleep on the floor. All the nations about us have been our pupils; no other nation has been ourteacher." To them foreign lands were far out specks; Chiina was the great center. Her emperor was the Son of Heaven, holding the decree of Heaven to rule the "nine continents" and the "myriad kingdoms." About thirty-four years ago I was walking along the street in Foochow with a missionary who had been there over twenty years, and we were repeatedly hailed as Huang-kiang—outlanders. "This," he said, "is disagreeable; but it is nothing like it used to be, almost more than human flesh could endure.

In 1872 the foreign residents at Foochow had just passed through a dangerous crisis. Evil men in all the treaty ports had circulated the report that we, in anger at our failure to make converts, were going to poison the wells, and for a time the people were in a dangerous mood. But these reports all came from a base class of men; and a reaction soon set in which worked in our favor. It was no longer good form to treat us with disrespect.

At that time good progress had been made in overcoming the distrust and consequent ill will of the people about us, while the power of our message to transform and uplift the Chinese had been demonstrated in a number of individual cases. There were renegades, indeed, who, failing to deceive us, tried their hand on the foreign community, and thus gave rise to the assertion that our converts are worse than the heathen.

Every line of work was being vigorously pushed; Christian influences brought to bear on those who served us in our homes, and on the teachers who taught us to speak and read; preaching and conversation in the chapels and on the streets, in the city and in the villages; the sale of books and tracts at a nominal price; the physician with his dispensary and his hospital; free day schools, and boarding schools for more advanced work; young men in training for teachers, preachers, physicians; a small, but increasing band of trained Chinese workers, helping us in school and chapel and hospital.

But everywhere iniquity abounded; in some forms open and unblushing; in others hidden under a specious hypocracy, and all of it entrenched in vast systems of falsehood. But our homes were centers of light, and our lives and preaching were a continual witness and protest. The little chapels and schools and hospitals were nuclei of redemptive power; and so, also, was the increasing number of Christian Chinese homes. And all these instrumentalities were gaining slowly but surely in quality, as well as in quantity. Larger, better churches and schools more efficiently manned; a more numerous and intelligent church membership; and, in time, Chinese pastors and Christian business men and teachers and physicians, men of means and men of influence, gave increasing light.

But this light was not loved. The corrupt rulers and the covetous Scribes and Pharisees scoffed at it, and expected soon to put it out. In fact, for many years the people were told "the Emperor is just tolerating these outlanders till he gets the military forces of the empire in good shape; and then they will be cleaned out to the last shred. By 1884 the Chinese authorities at Foochow had acquired an arsenal twenty miles up a well-fortified river, and had a strong navy so far as ships and cannon were concerned; but it was all in the hands of officers who cared for nothing but graft. They began to be overbearing; and our good American consul was daily vexed by the captious behavior of the Foochow authorities. But a French fleet came, and in a week's time sank their navy, wrecked their arsenal and dismantled their forts.

Again, about ten years later, they had in North China a larger navy and a few myriads of well-drilled soldiers; and

they went to war with Japan, only to be again defeated. The humiliation of each defeat brought with it increased regard for us and for our message; but most of all there was an increased desire to avail themselves of our educational facilities.

The Chinese have a calendar of sixty years in which the year 1900 was a little like a year of Jubilee; and the superstitious Pagan anti-foreign elements in North China imagined that the propitious time had come to purge out everything foreign. Kuan Ti, the Chinese god of war, is the patron god of this Tartar dynasty; and the Boxers were devotees of this cult. With them it was Kuan Ti against Jesus; and they believed that they were possessed of a magic which rendered them invulnerable to foreign bullets. Their utter overthrow had not only a tremendous political bearing, but also a profound religious influence.

Close on the heels of this came the war between Japan and Russia; and the Chinese were quite expectant that these two powers would only punish each other. But when the Asiatic power vanquished the European power, the Chinese were mightily stirred with a combination of hope and fear, —hope of what they, too, might do; fear of what Japan might do first. There arose an unprecedented demand for Western learning, and especially for a military education. The new Chinese student changed his long robe and scholarly stoop for a snug uniform and erect carriage. A strong national spirit began to show itself; and they dug out from their musty classics terms for such ideas as public spirit and civic righteousness, and made these terms current in the speech of the people.

At our Foochow college commencement in 1901, men high in authority attended the graduating exercises, and then sat down to a feast with us, happy to occupy the place of honor on the platform of a Christian college, and the chief seats at the missionary's table. In that great city of Foochow there are thousands of the younger men who, while by no means converted to Christianity, have had their moral senses greatly quickened by these years of Christian preaching and Christian practice in their midst. When two years ago the imperial edicts ordered the closing of the opium dens throughout the empire, these edicts were unheeded in many places, and in others the enforcement has been merely nominal. But in cities like Foochow, where we have worked for many years, the opium dens have really been closed, and the sale of the drug greatly diminished; and the long-continued presence of the Christian church and the Christian hospital and the Christian college is what has made such genuine reform work possible.

Our Foochow college was first of all a little day school for the children of a few converts; and it was patronized also by a few poor neighbors. There were also similar little day schools at a few other points. Soon there was added also a small boys' boarding school to continue the education begun in the day schools. Then about twenty-five years ago we began the teaching of English and a smattering of Western sciences. The curriculum was gradually improved, especially so after the war with Japan, at which time students from among the upper classes sought admission in considerable numbers.

For many years our premises, small and inadequate, had been hedged in by prejudice and superstition; but just in the nick of time a veteran missionary, Rev. Charles Hartwell, was able to purchase addition after addition, right there in the heart of the Chinese city, while generous donations from women and men of means in America provided commodious buildings. The American Methodists also have their Anglo-Chinese college, a large and flourishing institution in the Foochow south suburbs. At one time it seemed as if there was not material enough to supply both institutions with a good quota of students; but that state of things is buried in the dismal past.

Foochow now has a system of government schools, and also a number of schools founded and supported by the Foochow gentry. These latter are better than the government schools, and are also more open to the missionary. Many Chinese students have the portrait of George Washington in their studies; and he was first made known to them by our little day-school geographies. But now large and full geographies and histories are published in the Chinese classical language.

These government schools and colleges by no means supplant our Christian institutions; for we have a large Christian constituency, who will not go where Confucius must be worshiped. We secure also an unselfish devotion to the work of teaching which the government's money cannot hire, nor the worship of Confucius inspire. Furthermore the most serious problem which has always confronted us in our educational work is the moral status of the students. In the community about us the standard is fearfully low; and in our boarding schools and colleges we could better dispense with almost anything else than a thoroughly Christian corps of Chinese teachers, and a strong body of Christian youth among the students. Without these we might as well try to sail the ocean in a sieve.

But the larger part of my own personal work has not been at Foochow, but two or three weeks' journey inland from there at Shaowu. There, in 1876, Mrs. Walker and myself, with Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Blakely, began a pioneer work; and the going of these two ladies, each with a small child, to Shaowu in 1876, though the dangers and hardships were very much less. Mrs. Walker, in spite of much suffering, clung to this work so long as she lived. Sometimes we were alone and sometimes others were with us. Of those now with me in the work the oldest, Dr. E. L. Bliss, joined us in the autumn of 1892. Up to the year 1900 my time had been given mainly to preaching, touring, and general oversight of the work; but since then the educational work has come to the front.

China as was the coming of Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding to Oregon in 1836, though the dangers and hard-

We have long had, off and on, a boys' boarding school at Shaowu; but it had never been large nor flourishing. The teaching had usually been done by Chinese Christians. But in the autumn of 1901 we had a fine body of youth who wished to study English and the Western sciences; and at their request Miss Walker took the school in hand, and reorganized it after up-to-date models. Each class chose one member to represent it in matters of discipline; and the committee thus formed has a large share in the preserving of order in the school. This plan, thanks to the strong Christian element among the pupils, has worked well. We had to begin with the A B Cs, each pupil individually; and this involved much tedious routine work. But a fine young graduate from our Foochow college was a great help to us. He also boarded with the students and co-operated with the governing committee. When he had to leave us another like him took his place.

There was recently quite an exciting time in the school. The man who gives instruction in the Chinese classics, of course a Chinese, is very unpopular with the students. They assert that he is incompetent; and when recently he hauled up one of the brightest of them for questioning his accuracy, almost the whole body of students came to Mr. Storrs and demanded the immediate dismissal of this teacher. Mr. S. sympathized with their dissatisfaction; but he refused to entertain any complaint except through the governing committee; and for about half an hour he almost had a small riot on his hands; but he was master of the situation. This is a revolt of the new student against the old.

And now, after thirty odd years of work in the Shaowu field, what have we to show for it? In eight counties 30 churches at 30 important points, with a membership of about 900; three ordained pastors supported by these churches; 24 unordained men who draw about half their support from these churches; also a few men well taught and trained in medicine and surgery. These churches are fairly well supplied with places of worship, and some of them have parsonages. With many of them are connected day schools for the children, and with some, classes for the women to let light into the terrible darkness of their lives.

For our own present plant and working force we have (1), a dispensary and hospital for men, in charge of Dr. Edward L. Bliss, who is a graduate of the Yale classical and medical courses; (2), a like institution for women, in charge of Dr. Lucy P. Bement, who graduated as a trained nurse at Newburyport, Mass., and in medicine at Baltimore; (3), a boys' boarding school of forty odd pupils in charge of Rev. Charles L. Storrs, a graduate of the Yale classical and divinity courses; (4), a girls' boarding school of sixty or more pupils, in charge of Miss Frances K. Bement, a graduate of the Oberlin classical course. Mrs. Bliss is from Nebraska, and is a graduate of Doane College. Messrs. Bliss and Storrs are from Massachusetts, the Misses Bement are from Ohio, while our youngest member, Miss Grace A. Funk, is a well-educated and gifted woman from Arkansas.

All these, with one other lady who is a native of China and a graduate of the Oberlin classical course, and one old Oregonian from Pacific University, make up a body of workers who are not splitting kindling wood nor doing patch work. We are eight out of nearly twenty-seven hundred such workers in China, which is no longer "Far Cathay;" and we ought to be 20 out of 5,000, reaping rich harvests from past sowing, and sowing for richer harvests yet to come.

Near the end of 1900 at Foochow we celebrated the 50th anniversary of the coming of a veteran missionary, the Rev. Charles Hartwell, a graduate of Amherst College and Hartford Seminary, and I venture to close with some lines presented to him on the occasion and printed herewith. He was a very energetic worker, a little inclined to depression of spirits; and he felt very keenly the trials through false brethren and weak brethren with which our experiences in China have been much checkered.

Forest Grove, Oregon.

A SONG OF MEMORY AND HOPE.

Oh, passing years, oh, passing years,
That seem so short, yet move so slow;
Whose bloom so quickly disappears,
A glint of light, a transient glow;
Whose joys but pave a path to woe;
And while we laugh, grim, haunting fears
Their shadows o'er our pathway throw!
Though love a while our labor cheers,
It meets the fate of all below;
And everything that life endears
But lends to death a sharper blow.

Hold there! Thy life is hid in God
With Christ above the reach of harm;
And when Himself this pathway trod,
His death gave life a deathless charm.
Our feet with peace, goodwill He shod;
Our strength is from His outstretched arm;
These things are but the chastening rod;
Away with pining and alarm.

Each day a loving cup doth quaff,
Each year hath stored up wealth untold;
The tempests winnow out the chaff,
The furnace fires refine the gold.
God's truth is pledged in our behalf;
And though the outward man grows old,
The comforts of His rod and staff
Unchangingly our lives enfold.

Oh, what a boon it is to live
This life that God doth bless and keep;
And what a privilege to give
These years of toil to feed His sheep!
What joys eternal we receive
For all the tears our dim eyes weep.
Though often thou didst deeply grieve,
Oh, what a harvest thou dost reap!

Long, long and hardly hast thou striven,
Like faithful, uncomplaining Job.
When late thou shalt return to heaven,
And change the mantle for the robe
To overcoming spirits given;
We, lingering on this troubled globe,
Will like the ancient churches seven
Let faithful words our quick hearts probe,

That when our course is also run,
Our battles fought, our victory won;
Then all from God's beloved Son
May hear the blessed words, "Well done."

—J. Elkanah Walker.

Foochow, China, Dec. 19, 1900.

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened with much interest last Monday to Chaplain Rowell's account of his trip to Palestine. Evidently it was the great joy of his life.

"THE HOME MISSIONARY SCHOOL HOUSE AND WHAT IT DOES."

Christian Endeavor Topic for July 26.

Miles B. Fisher.

For the last five years the Sunday School Society has planted about 400 schools a year. They are organized at a hazard. Many serve their little day and die, and no one should complain, for they have done good while they were needed. Others in permanent communities have lived and grown with the towns. Seven-eighths of the new Congregational churches (excepting suburban churches formed by the swarming of large city churches) have grown out of schools planted or helped by the Sunday School Society.

1. We may therefore say that the Congregational churches will multiply in proportion as schools are organized by the field missionaries. Our denominational future is in the hands of the Sunday School Society, and the Society is in the hands of the churches.

2. The mission school-house is first witness for religion in a community too small to afford a church or preaching. It is maintained with little money and volunteer workers, and easily embraces all denominations. A Sunday afternoon school bell, washed faces and clean clothes—these have a moral value apart from the worth of the things taught within. When the teachers of H—— Sunday-school were debating whether the school should adjourn for the summer, one spoke up: "I don't like to adjourn, it is so hard to get started again. And if September or October come 'round without a Sunday-school, and any new people come to town, why H—— would get a black eye." And surely it would, because a school is first witness for religion in a community.

3. The Home Missionary school helps make good boys and girls, good citizens. The public school cannot do enough, because it may not teach religion. The home does not do it as it ought. The Sunday-school is the place where the boys and girls are brought to know they are in God's world, that it makes a deep difference how they live, and that there is a Helper to right living. That is the **matter** of religion, which the mission school teaches. To have a glad consciousness of the helpful presence of God, that is the **life** of religion which good teachers inculcate. The mission school helps its scholars to discover the power of godliness, which is more than to know the items of goodness. A thousand boys and girls are in the Congregational mission schools of our state, learning just this which, most of all, helps make good children, and then good men and women.

4. The Mission school, especially when started by the missionary who comes from a big city down on the bay, helps to remove jealousies and spites in a little community. The frequent jealousy of the "old town" and the "new town," the "hill-crowd" and the "bottom crowd," the "old guard" and the new comers, prevents either faction starting a school with the favor and support of the other. But both join gladly and with a feeling of relief when an outsider calls all together.

Throughout our country our Society looks after about 1,800 schools with 65,000 scholars. Many are each year promoted to self-support and to relation with a church, probably the church organized out of the school, so our net growth is but a small fraction of the 400 new schools yearly organized. Endeavor societies throughout the country have been giving about $415 a year directly to the Sunday School Society, an admirable use of their benevolence.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Diego.—The Rev. W. B. Thorp of Chicago has accepted the call from the First Church of San Diego.

San Francisco, First.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. O. L. Corbin, the pastor of Bethlehem Church. For the next two sundays it will be ocupied by the Rev. J. R. Knodell of Portland, Oregon.

Campbell.—Seventeen were received into the church last Sunday. The church recently voted $100 increase on pastor's salary, and are building two fine large rooms on the back of the present building. This will give a splendid equipment. The pastor, Geo. E. Atkinson, has been with the church five years, and has received 92 into the church during that time.

Hayward.—The church property has been greatly improved by the laying of a cement sidewalk in front of it, the erection of a new fence around it, and the painting of the church and parsonage. The improvements cost $500, and the whole amount has been paid, leaving no indebtedness. Besides this the church has been thoroughly cleaned inside, and curtains have been furnished for the Sunday-school for individual class-rooms. This is a convenience greatly appreciated by scholars and teachers alike. Rev. B. Dent Naylor is in the seventh year of his pastorate.

Lodi.—At the July communion almost the entire large audience partook of the Lord's Supper in a most precious season of spiritual communion and Christian fellowship. Six persons united with the church, four by letter and two on confession, who also received baptism. The work on the new church building is proceeding rapidly, and at each step its beauty and proportions are manifest to the admiration of all beholders. It is the comment of the multitudes that no such structure is seen in these parts of the state. The fine old bell in its new and substantial tower rings out in sweeter and stronger tones than ever before, and the very birds in the tree-tops seem to rejoice at the prospect.

Corona.—The church comes to the summer season much encouraged with its year's work and its prospects for future development. A round 50 new members have been added in the year and three months just closed, which marks a decided increase in church attendance, effective workers, local finances, and large addition to benevolences. The Brotherhood, as a new arm of the church, has done excellent work. Emphasis has been placed upon its monthly banquet bringing numerous outsiders into helpful fellowship. Splendid addresses have formed the main feature of the progress, the last being given by Dr. William Horace Day on "The Pilgrim Spirit." Good work has also been done through the indefatigable efforts of the chairman of the Bible-study Committee, Dr. Stafford, in maintaining a successful Sunday-noon Men's class. Dr. W. C. Pond spent June 28th with this church speaking on his much loved Oriental work. A generous offering was taken. Such a kindly Christian personality is quite as much of a contribution to our churches as the excellent sermon. We feel much blessed in these able and consecrated visiting secretaries. Mr. Ferris takes a vacation of four weeks in San Diego, supplying First Church, beginning July 12. Meanwhile our church joins with three others in a union arrangement by which at least one preaching service is maintained in each church every Sunday, the pastors on the ground dividing the work among them during July and August.

Sacramento.—Dr. W. H. G. Temple, pastor of the old First Church of Sacramento, has gone on his vacation to Seattle, where his married children reside. The work of his pastorate during its first six months, just concluded, may be summed up as follows: congregations increased with a much larger proportion of men, the latter on several occasions outnumbering the women; the districting of the city for more systematic oversight of parish; the publishing of a complete alphabetical and district directory of the entire parish, including members and attendants, parents and children, in the preparation for which more than three hundred pastoral calls have been made; the systematizing of the work of the trustees, so that regular monthly business meetings are held and finances are placed on a healthy business basis; the enlarging of the Prudential Board so as to include representatives from all departments of the work, with bi-monthly meetings to hear reports and plan aggressive work; the revision of the church roll and its reduction to practical proportions; reception of thirty-five new members, with nine to follow in September, centralizing of Home Missionary benevolence in a single church; organization of a Young People's Society of Christian Edeavor; reorganization of Boy's Club; introduction of young lady ushers at the evening service, and publishing of a weekly leaflet. The spirit of the church is enthusiastic, and with the fall opening an advance along all lines is expected.

WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO.

Cathlamet.—Rev. J. C. Snape has resigned. Rev. David Reid preached June 21st, and the church has called Rev. Henry G. Miller, Ph.D., of Jerome, Arizona.

Seattle, Brighton and Olivet.—Children's Day was celebrated with the usual features and both churches were full. Rev. M. A. Frost baptized 12 at Brighton and 9 at Olivet. The work at both places is progressing well.

Beach and Shaw Island.—Children's Day brought out large congregations and were very enjoyable. At each place the collection exceeded the amount asked for by the C. S. S. & P. S. Mr. Hudson baptized two children who were also received into the church.

Doty.—Evangelist Reid preached here June 28th. Rev. Mr. Salstrom of Minnesota has been called and the church waits his reply. Mr. Doty, for whom the town was named and who has done so much toward the erection of the church edifice, has offered to build a parsonage.

Seattle.—The Sunday-schools of several Congregational churches enjoyed a picnic at Seacoma Beach recently. The larger number were from Plymouth, Pilgrim, and Green Lake churches. Various games were played and the day closed with a baseball game between the Plymouth and Green Lake Sunday-school teams, resulting in a victory for Green Lake.

Avondale.—Rev. J. M. Dick, Missionary of the C. S. S. P. S. attended the Children's Day exercises and reports receiving $10 from this small field for the society. One feature of the occasion was an address which was thoughtful and appropriate by a boy of ten years. In the evening Mr. Dick went to Redmond, between times baptizing a child at a home.

Nachez.—Children's Day was observed June 21st. There was a very interesting program, including infant baptism. The church was crowded and the collection was the largest ever raised by this church for the C. S. S. and P. S., being three times the apportionment suggested by the Sunday-school committee of the state. Rev. O. B. Whitmore, the pastor, recently preached on "World Wide Missions, What and Why?" The collection taken then was about three times the amount ever raised here for missions. At the last communion seven were received into membership, two by letter from the M. E. Church, two from the Presbyterian, one from the Catholic, and one from the Episcopal, and one who had never been a member of a church before; the last three, of course, on confession of faith. At the next communion two are expected from the M. E., two from the Presbyterian and two from the Episcopal churches. This indicates the ecclesiastical connection of the members joining this church in the beautiful irrigated valley of the Natches. Our church has comenced to grow under Mr. Whitmore, and as the valley fills it will doubtless be a stronghold of Congregationalism.

Port Gamble.—This church is always wide awake to its oportunities. Sunday mornings a service for Indian children is held and many attend. Recently Mr. Doty of the Anti-Saloon League addressed a large meeting and secured pledges amounting to $69. The pastor, Rev. Robt. Elwell, edits a four-page weekly from Vol. 2, number36, of which is clipped the following: "Sixty yards of carpet have been received by the church, through the kindness of Rev. George Edwards. This is a gift from the Plymouth congregational people of Seattle. . . . This is the time of year when we hear a great deal about platforms and policies. In our opinion a church should have a well defined platform for the social betterment of the community and a minister should have a certain program or policy which he courageously advocates. In part at least the following has been our policy the past year and eight months in this community and will continue to be our program during the remainder of this pastorate: To oppose wickedness of every sort regardless of the personnel of the wrongdoer, or of personal consequences, to provide church services interesting and helpful for all without strict regard for the promulgation of any denominational propaganda, to provide good literature by means of a traveling library, the distribution of magazines, Bibles and so, to provide occasionally public entertainments of a helpful nature, to bring here as speakers from time to time those who are devoting their lives to noble causes, to conduct a clean little Weekly as an aid in the work and to welcome to our home, as a city settlement would do, every individual who will give us that privilege, especially those whose own home ties are elsewhere and in general to forget that there is any difference between the conditions xisting here and that of the ordinary town of similar size. . . . Very gratifying indeed was the atetndance Sunday evening at the Knights of Pythias memorial service. Prior to the meeting at the church the brothers gathered at the hall, marched to the cemetery and decorated the several graves with flowers, conducting the exercises as prescribed in the ritual. They then marched in a body to the church, ocupying reserved seats in front of the pulpit. Special music was provided and the adress was upon the theme "Courage.' . . . Sunday was temperance day in the Sunday-school. Several special musical numbers were rendered and 25 of the boys and girls signed the pledge."

Lewiston, Idaho.—The Congregational church and its pastor, Rev. S. H. Chase, are always active in the affairs of this energetic city. At present there is a fight on for better things, and Mr. Chase is hopeful of victory. The following from the field presents the matter as it now stands: "The Lewiston country has long had the name of being dry, but not along the line of drinks. The town has been as noted for its wet principles, if such a thing can be called a principle. It had twenty-one saloons, which, with their attendant evils, stand as a bar to the real growth of the city. The Lewiston people have become heartily sick of the curse and are taking steps to have things different. . . . Hon. Emit D. Nichols, of Boise, has just closed a week of meetings in the interests of good citizenship. Much interest has been aroused. Sunday the twenty-eighth, in the morning, Mr. Nichols spoke to an enthusiastic congregation in the Congregational church. In the evening all the churches united in the Presbyterian church and listened to Mr. Nichol's closing address. Petitions were presented, asking the council to pass prohibitory ordinance. These were signed by over three hundred voters. With fifteen per cent of the voters of the last election on the petition the council must pass such an ordinance or submit it to the people. It is thought that a majority of the voters can be secured which will make such a move substantial and reasonably permanent."

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

Sunday, July 12, 1908—A more delightful summer Sunday I have never seen anywhere. For the past two weeks the sun has been shining in favor of the ripening fruit, without much regard for the comfort of human beings; but we have accepted the situation and worked on. There has been some falling off in the attendance at the morning service and at the Sunday-school; but this has been caused not so much by the weather as by the fact that this is the time of the summer exodus. The schools are not in session, of course, and with their closing many teachers, and some of the pupils, and here and there a family, take to the woods, or the seashore; and as the weeks pass more and more families flit away for a bit of a vacation. But a good evening service and the mid-week meeting number as many attendants as at any other time of the year. Some of us in "this somewhat benighted region (geographically) of Central California" have no other plans than to stay at home through the summer and keep the work "on the go," with, of course, a little consideration for the physical comfort of each other. But the devil is not having all the good times to be had in the San Joaquin Valley, if the weather is sometimes a little more his kind than ours. And if we have many such days as this one between now and the first of September, we shall feel that the heat of the San Joaquin Valley is not so very much greater than that of some other localities in California less noted for their warmth. "W. C. P." did not make his visit on the right Sunday. He should have waited until the middle of July. Or perhaps he went to the wrong town. We have no "physical and mental collapses" in Tulare.

BOTTLED GAS.

If the claims of the incorporators are made good, a recently organized gas company is about to revolutionize the illuminating business in America. Consumers are promised gas in bottles over the grocery store counter, or they may have it peddled to them from door to door like milk. Each house or apartment, for that matter, may have its own gas plant, and the dweller may run his own lines from retort to lamps, burn as much or as little gas as he cares to, and when his supply runs out, he may get another bottle at the nearest store. Moreover, the new gas is said to be economical. Its promoters also claim that it is non-asphyxiating. The properties of the new chemical permit it to be compressed to about 1-400 of its original volume.

Blaugas is the name of the gas. It is the discovery of a Bavarian chemist, and has been successfully developed in Germany. Its rapid advance there attracted the attention of American capitalists, who secured the exclusive rights for Canada and the United States.

In explaining the new product, one of the promoters said:

"The company was formed for the purpose of taking over and operating the patents of Herman Blau of Augsburg, Germany, covering the production and liquefaction of gas, derived from crude oil. This gas liquefies under compression to about 1-400 of its original volume, and is then introduced into steel flasks, in which shape it is distributed to consumers. A committee of experts recently returned from Germany, where they made a close investigation of the gas and its uses, and their report is commendatory.

"Blaugas is coming into general use abroad for all purposes for which ordinary gas is utilized. Besides its value for technical purposes, for which Blaugas commends itself on account of its high caloric properties, which make it valuable for welding, soldering, and the like, it is available for many uses out of reach of ordinary gas. In this direction Blaugas encroaches, to a considerable extent, on the field now exclusively enjoyed by electricity, principally in the matter of decorative effects.

"Owing to the high pressure under which Blaugas is

used, and its absolute purity, thus doing away with the corrosion of fixtures and pipes, so common with ordinary gas, the gas can be fed through tubes no larger than an ordinary telegraph wire and quite as pliable, thus making it available for swinging lamps and for installation in the same manner as electricity.

"If farmhouses in Bavaria, five miles from town, having from ten to fifteen rooms, and using Blaugas plentifully for lighting and cooking, are being supplied with the gas at a net cost of not over $2.25 per month, some interesting conclusions may be drawn when it is considered that gas companies in some smaller cities in this country charge from $3 to $4 per 1,000 feet for their product. Blaugas, in steel flasks of various sizes, compressed to 1-400 of its original volume, can be as easily handled. The purchaser is assured of the quantity he gets. Gas meters, which sometimes present some wonderful indications of speed in running up gas bills, are not required."

THE HOME

Wouldst thou be wretched?
'Tis an easy way:
Think of but self, and self alone, all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care,
All that thou hast to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of thy good, thy pleasure and thy gain,
Think only of thyself, 'twill not be in vain.

Wouldst thou be happy?
Take an easy way:
Think of those round thee—live for them each day;
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care;
All that they have to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those round thee—it will not be in vain.

A PRIVATE HOME A PUBLIC TRUST.

A few years ago there came to a Western city a young man seeking employment. He had some ability, but his opportunities had been limited. He was fortunate, however, in securing board with a Christian family somewhat noted for its earnest, aggressive work. The members of the family made his boarding-house a home, brought him to church and introduced him to the young men and women there, and he soon became a regular attendant. He was again fortunate in becoming acquainted with a Christian young woman who materially influenced his life. After a year or so, he passed on to another city, but the impressions he had received stayed with him and determined his course in the new location. Before long he accepted Christ and united with the church, and at present he is actively engaged in the Y. M. C. A. work. There was nothing spectacular about this young man's experience, but it serves to illustrate what might be common if we were alive to our opportunities.

Our Homes a Trust.

We hear much these days about stewardship. We are told that our money is given us in trust, that our talents are to be used as though lent by the Lord, that our time is to be used in God's service—all of which is undoubtedly true. But in enumerating the possessions which belong to the Lord there has been one omission that seems to be quite important. Possibly it is because this is so sacredly personal we have felt that it, at least, belongs to ourselves alone; possibly on account of its personal nature, we have never thought of it as a trust. Whatever the reason, the list of possessions given us in trust is never made to include our homes.

Obviously the home is, first of all, for the members of the family. Nothing must be admitted to its freedom which will in any way prove a menace to its security. Its purity and spontaneity must alike be protected. But while its advantages should be first and always for the family, it is worth while to ask if they should be restricted to its members. Is it not true that the home is as much a trust as either money, time or ability? Realizing something of the importance of its influences, are not those who have homes under obligations to extend those influences beyond their own immediate circle? Knowing that it is a tremendous power in restraining from evil and leading toward good, are we justified in confining that power to such narrow channels?

But it is in the use of our homes as homes that the opportunities for good are greatest. The utter loneliness of a stranger in a city must be felt to be appreciated—felt, not simply for a day or two, but for weeks and months. The young men and women who come to our towns and cities to study or obtain employment suffer untold agonies from this cause. Few have much money. They are obliged to live in cheap boarding-houses or clubs. Their rooms are small and uninviting. Often they are made to feel distinctly that it is expected they will stay in their own quarters. Good books are within the reach of nearly all, it is true; but many do not know how to select them, and often the mind is too jaded and the eyes are too weary to read for long; besides, nothing quite takes the place of personal contact with one's fellows. Then, too, there are old people either homeless or unhappily homed, and there is no loneliness like that of an old person, because the buoyant influence of hope has passed away.

Recognizing these things, good people have equipped reading-rooms, clubs and Christian associations, and much good has been done by them; but, taken alone, they are not sufficient. Many cannot reach them, many who can are unable to pay the expenses, and those who can do both find them only a makeshift, helpful, indeed, but still far from taking the place of a home.

A Help in Resisting Temptation.

It is not proposed that one should throw open his home to every unknown wanderer who comes along. That would only destroy its value. But if each household would seek out one homeless person, invite him in, and, when satisfied that he will not abuse the privileges, give him to understand that he will be always welcome to come and go, to read the books, enjoy the pictures or rest in the quiet of the home life, there would be fewer young women going wrong, fewer young men in our prisons, aye, and fewer old men, too; for temptation does not cease as years advance. The influence of such a privilege on the life cannot be put into words or estimated with figures. It is not only that happy hours are multiplied—though that in itself is important—but its value in holding the tempted and cheering the weary is out of all proportion to the cost.

If there is a disposition to use the home in this way, a little effort will discover some one who can be helped. If

there is a Young Men's or Young Woman's Christian Association in town, the secretary can doubtless furnish the names of several people who would not abuse them. If these organizations are not at hand there will probably be all the more need, though it may require a little search to find the needy. However, a moderate amount of thought and observation will surely discover an opportunity.

The Home a Rest Cure.

Just one more suggestion. In every city there are men and women who are worn out by continued labor in office, shop or factory. They need rest, but have nowhere to go for it except on expense, and, great though their need be, they have not the money to spare. To many such a week or two in a good, quiet home would be a godsend. They need not be "entertained;" what they require is rest, long hours of sleep, good food and cheerfulness. The cost, to many a householder, would never be felt; the benefit to the guest would last for many months, and the opportunity to lead an unsaved guest to Christ would be ideal.

There are many whose daily tasks prevent them from taking an active part in distinctly Christian work, who often wish they could do more for the Master they love. Here are opportunities for service of great value that will not materially interfere with the ordinary employments. If it be true that there are such needs as these right at our very doors, what answer shall we make at the final reckoning if we neglect them? It is a fact of fearful significance that in the illustration of the goats these were condemned, not for any evil they had done, but for failure to do good—among other things, to receive the stranger.

The world is full of people who are hungry, yes, starving, for love, for fellowship or even for companionship. By guarding our homes too closely, we drive them into the haunts of vice and then spend more time and money trying to rescue a few of them than would have been required to prevent a multitude from going astray, and when they are rescued they are often but wrecks of what they might have been. There is a tremendous burden of responsibility somewhere in connection with this matter, a responsibility not lightly to be thrown aside. Let us consider it carefully, and if we find that our homes should be used in the service of Christ, let us seek out some one whom we can help. Even though in some cases our efforts may meet with scant appreciation, this will not always be so, and in any case there will not fail the blessing of him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—The Standard.

An Imperial Valley paper says: "Kenneth, the ten-year-old son of Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Glasby of Heber came as near being bitten by a 'side-winder' as one could be and not get bitten. He was returning from a neighbor's after dark, and just as he reached home and stepped under the ramada he put his bare foot on the tail of a 'side-winder.' The snake was not more than two feet from where Mrs. Glasby lay in the sleeping cage. Kenneth walked into the kitchen and announced to his father that he had stepped on a 'side-winder,' in as matter-of-fact way as if he had stepped on a cricket, but there was no mistaking the voice from the sleeping cage. The lantern was hastily lighted and Mr. Glasby killed the snake under the ramada beside the ice cream freezer. He measured two feet and had eight rattles beside the button. This is the second snake episode the Glasby family has had recently. Mrs. Glasby went to the cupboard one day to get a can of vegetables, when to her astonishment, there lay a snake coiled up among the tin cans. There were not exactly 'razors flying through the air,' but there were numerous tin cans hurled about until the snake disappeared through a crack in the house. Such are the diversions of desert life.'"

WORK ON!

"Work on. Seek not to know too much nor think what you do is of vast value. Work, because it is yours to be adjusting the machinery in your own little workshop of life, to the wide mechanism of the universe. One wheel set right, one flying belt adjusted, and there is a step forward toward the final harmony."

Young People

THE MILKMAIDS OF DORT.

Girls often declare that boys have all the fun. Well, they certainly do seem to get the larger share of it in a good many ways. Then, when they grow up, they are very apt, too, to carry off all the honors, the literary fame, the military glory, the professional success, while the girls are left at home.

Now and then, however, the girls come to the front in art, in literature, in science and even in war. You all know how Joan of Arc led the armies of France to victory, and how Moll Pitcher stood at the mouth of her cannon, pouring confusion into the British ranks.

Not so great as these women of martial fame were the "Milkmaids of Dort," but still they have their place in history. If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of wooden dikes and windmills, it is quite possible that you may find yourselves some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordracht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting historical event has taken place.

In the center of the great market-place of Dort stands a fountain, and if you will look close you will see upon the tall pyramid a relievo representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milkmaid. They are there to commemorate the following historical fact:

When the provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the burgomaster, who had not yet left his bed. They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The Council was assembled; measures were immediately taken; the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honored the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterward indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honored with the hands of the milkmaids. Then, as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone.—Harper's Young People.

A BOY AT A BANQUET.

I was once riding in an omnibus from a hotel to a station in a country town in Central New York. The only other traveler was a lady, who told me a most interesting story concerning her little boy.

His father was a prominent business man, and, on one occasion, when he was in the city of New York, he was invited to be one of the guests at a very large dinner of prominent business men. This dinner was held, if I remember rightly, at the great house of Delmonico, the famous restaurant of which you must all have heard. It was a very beautiful banquet room, and the table was shining with glass and silver, and the lights were burning brightly, and there was everything to make it a very brilliant grown-up occasion. Into this room the merchant came, leading his little son by the hand, for he did not like to leave him at the hotel alone, so he brought him with him, and the other gentlemen gave him a pleasant word or a smile, and made a place for him at the table. At first he was just a little embarrassed to find himself in the presence of so many grown-up people, but he ate his dinner quietly, and listened while they talked, and watched the ways of older people, just as boys will, and began to feel after a while that he was quite a big man himself.

There were, as I told you, beautiful silver, glass and china, and beautiful flowers, and beside each plate were five glasses or different shapes and sizes. One of them was for water, one or sherry, one for claret, one for champagne, and a little glass for brandy, or a cordial to be taken after the dinner was over. The waiters, who looked grave and serious in their white neckties, hustled about the table, and the first our laddie knew, one of them was holding a decanter of wine over the glass that stood by his plate. The waiter was an old man, and he smiled kindly down upon the little fellow, as much as to say, "It is very good; shall I give you some?" Startled and frightened, the little man looked toward his father; but his father was engaged in conversation and his face was turned away. For a moment the boy's face flushed with distress, and then, quick as a flash, he turned his glass upside down, and glancing up into the waiter's face said, in a tone that could be heard by all the gentlemen near, "Is it wine? I never touch wine." And then, with an anxious glance, lest the same temptation might be offered to his father, he added, "And my papa doesn't take any wine, either."

And then for a moment the little fellow, who had begun to feel at ease and happy, and to think it was a beautiful thing to be there, seemed suddenly to have a terror of the place, and glanced anxiously from one gentleman to another. And now let me tell you what happened. I suspect they all had little boys at home, and that every man of them, even though he sometimes took wine himself, wished that his own children felt as this boy did, for instead of frowning at him they smiled, and when the waiter bent over them with his decanter they quietly turned their glasses down, or made a motion for him to pass on. And so it happened that in a place where such a thing was hardly ever known to occur before, the dinner went on, and scarcely a man tasted a drop of wine.

As the little fellow's mother told me this I thought of my little brothers, and I said, "That boy was indeed a little soldier, and if he had done no other lovely thing in all his life, that was a little hero's act."—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in The National Advocate.

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